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THE LEHIGH BURR.

Vol. 13.

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No. 11.

PUBLISHED EVERY TEN DAYS DURING THE COLLEGE YEAR.

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EDITORIAL.

IT gives us pleasure to state that the communications in our last issue are receiving the consideration of the undergraduates. We hear that the Chess Club has been revived with a membership of thirty, and that efforts are being made to organize a billiard tournament. Let the good work go on.

YALE has recently made public the rules that are to govern the eligibility of candidates for her teams, which are essentially the same as those in force at Harvard; and Princeton is supposed to be in favor of even more stringent regulations. Verily there is a ray of hope for the so-called smaller colleges.

WE are glad to see that our instructor Mr. Harvey S. Houskeeper is so well thought of by his fellow citizens. Mr. Houskeeper has been nominated for Burgess of South Bethlehem and THE BURR feels certain that all undergraduates eligible to vote will cast their ballots irrespective of party feeling for our esteemed instructor at the coming election. THE BURR wishes Mr. Houskeeper the success he deserves.

INASMUCH as the absence list is growing with the University, the question arises if it would not be well to dispense with the reading at Tuesday Chapel. The lists are

posted in Packer Hall, where they accomplish their purpose and incidentally furnish employment to the loafers about Jim's room, who put in many hours of silent meditation over them. At present the reading causes a tiresome wait of five minutes, especially tiresome in that the majority of us are not interested in how far our neighbors are trusting their heads into the Lion's mouth.

APROPOS of the athletic situation, it might be well to remark that one of the speakers gave the keynote to the whole situation in stating that the present financial muddle was due, in part, to excessive and needless expenditure. Let economy be the watchword of the future. We do not wish to unduly reproach the managers of our teams, for if the same amount of money had been subscribed by each student as was done in former years, all would have been well. We must say, however, that poor business judgment has been shown in contracting debts which were beyond the limits of possibility to pay with the money on hand and the probable gate receipts. Let us get back again to a firm basis. We know our teams can be run at a less expense. Let the athlete have the best the college can afford, but no more. The best player is the one who enters into a game, because of a love of it and of the college he

represents, and not the one whom costly trappings allure. Let economy be practiced, not a stinting economy, but a business-like one.

A MONTH or so ago THE BURR raised the question whether our present method of raising money from the students for athletic purposes has been the perfect success that it was expected to be. We think the present condition of affairs furnishes the answer to the question. We said at that time that more money was raised under the old system of voluntary contributions than at present. We are more than ever certain of the fact. During the past few days we have spoken to a number of Seniors who were conversant with financial matters under the old *régime* and they one and all testify the same. Why not change the clause in the constitution of the Athletic Association? THE BURR offers the following plan: Let the dues be made two dollars during the first term and three dollars during the second. It is a well-known fact that there is hardly a man in college who is not able and willing to pay his athletic dues if it be collected in small amounts. Let the payment of two dollars entitle the undergraduate to a vote at the elections held in the fall, and a further payment of three dollars give the same privilege in the spring. Even if many did not make the second payment there would be no such loss as at present, for two dollars from four hundred men is better than five from one hundred. There is nothing to lose by a change, as matters could hardly be worse than at present.

IN making the statement in the above editorial that more money was subscribed under the old method of voluntary subscriptions, we spoke not without positive information on the subject. In the athletic statements published in THE BURR, in the college years '88-'89 and '89-'90, we get the following: In '88 the lacrosse subscription amounted to \$463.75, and that for base-ball to \$307.50. No

foot-ball statement was published in THE BURR that year, but as foot-ball has always been the most popular game, the subscriptions must have amounted to at least \$500.

In the year '89-'90 the foot-ball subscriptions amounted to \$464.50 and lacrosse to \$309.75. We have no record of the base-ball subscription, but it probably amounted to quite as much as it did the year before. These figures tell us then that in '88-'89 the college subscribed nearly \$1300 for athletics. The teams were not as successful as ours are at present. The *Register* for that year gives 383 students as the number in the University. This year's *Register* gives 529. We have subscribed about \$500. These figures tell the whole story. With a number a quarter greater than the University had in '88-'89, we can only subscribe a little more than one-third as much as they did in that year, and that when two of our teams during the last year have been the best at their respective games that the University has ever put on the field. Let the student ask himself whether he has this year done his whole duty and give accordingly.

THE report of the athletic committee, stating that a college meeting would be held to decide whether one of the two games, base-ball or lacrosse, would, for financial reasons, be dropped this year, was a surprise, and a most unpleasant one to the students. For years we have run along with a debt incurred mainly on account of improvements in our athletic field, never seeming to realize that a time would come when payment must be made. The athletic committee put the matter plainly. If a thousand dollars are raised within ten days from the date of last meeting, and if in addition a fair proportion of the athletic dues which are in arrears are paid, both teams can be kept up. This seems like a large sum, but it is necessary for the honor of the University that it be raised. It is folly to talk of dropping one of our teams. Lacrosse is dear to us because of past glorious successes; base-

ball is the national game, and a college without a nine would be an object of ridicule.

Be willing to give to the best of your ability, but don't be afraid to give a small amount. A thousand dollars is a large sum to raise from a hundred men, it is not much when divided among five hundred. THE BURR Board has decided to give fifty dollars to aid the movement. We give this with the single condition, as stated at the college meeting, that both teams be kept up this year. Will the college make up the remainder?

FROM Cornell comes the news that the faculty of that progressive institution have decided to abolish the examinations at the end of the terms, substituting for them the "quizzes" or, in Cornell parlance, the "prelims" during the term. After a four years course at Lehigh a man comes to have a very healthy respect for the system in vogue here in some of the departments, notably the Mathematical. Of course there is the bugbear of an examination at the end of the term for that young student who has not been a good and faithful servant to Olney. And the so-called "prelims" are as rigorous and as numerous here as at Cornell. But the 8.5 is

THE COLLEGE MEETING.

WITH but little preliminary warning the college was last Saturday called upon to discuss the financial condition of our Athletic Association, and at a well attended college meeting held Tuesday, Feb. 6, it was decided to try to raise \$1000 within the ten days following. If this fails one of the two teams, base ball or lacrosse, is to be dropped.

KERNELS.

—The Sophomore Cotillion Club intend giving two dances after Easter.

—The fund for indigent students has received quite a large sum so far this term if the number of re-exams. count for anything.

the panacea that removes the pains of a mathematically racked soul and leaves the possessor in that healthy condition when he appreciates the value of the course of treatment. Undoubtedly the man who graduates here has worked harder over his math. and gotten more out of it than any other branch of instruction given him at Lehigh. In the departments which reject the 8.5 rule, a man cuts oftener, works less, knows less at the end of the term, all the work has to be "boned" up and naturally such a quantity of knowledge acquired in so short a time is retained only an equally short time.

If you tell this to Old Foggy who periodically holds forth against college men he will doubtless say that we should have arrived long since at that proverbial age of discretion when "boning" is as attractive as reading *Town Topics*.

Compulsory study is necessary for the college man. This the 8.5 rule accomplishes in the most delightful way imaginable. THE BURR is proud of its advocacy of the system years ago before its adoption. We await with interest the result of the experiment at Cornell, but think the Lehigh system accomplishes the desired result far more successfully.

—Pettit, '94, has organized a chess club with thirty members.

—The Junior Electricals are now working hard on "Alternating Currents."

—A large number of the college men will vote for Mr. Houskeeper for Burgess.

—Quigley, '95, will be forced to leave the Glee Club on account of bronchial troubles.

—A number of the Electricals have taken their "Dynamo Machinery," which is very bulky, and have had it made into two volumes.

—Judging from the quality of the rehearsals, the play to be given by the Mustard and Cheese will be a decided success.



THE REJUVENATION OF THE FOSSIL.

WHOEVER dubbed Professor James T. Muggins "The Fossil" came within an ace of slandering the progressiveness of those ancient and honorable descendants of old families.

The Fossil's usefulness on this mundane sphere seemingly terminated when he recovered from a severe attack of fever which left him almost entirely deaf. This premature exit from the scenes of his daily conquests rendered him sad and morose. He went about with head bent continually bemoaning to himself his unfortunate lot, and gradually became entirely without associates. His maiden sister, Maria, who managed his household affairs and who was of a very peppery and razory disposition, but who heretofore had a profound respect for his knowledge and treated him accordingly with a peculiar sort of adulation;—even she considered him an ordinary mortal and treated him to as much sharp small talk as her acetic nature could bring forth. But inasmuch as The Fossil could not have heard it if he wanted to, the result was only a relief to Miss Maria's feelings.

To see The Fossil walking up the street you would inevitably expect to find a hearse and funeral following, and you would hazard a bet two to one that the last rites were those of a near and dear and impecunious relative. Everything about him seemed to tend toward the grave. His iron grey mustache bent in a long semi-curl far down over his mouth, like a great dark curtain over something mysterious beneath. His eyebrows pointed earthward at very acute angles and seemed to sharply mark out his narrow path; his hair, where

there was any, formed a narrow band like faded cr pe about the bottom of his cranium, and every individual hair pointed down, down, down, with unflinching directness.

Even the small boy refrained from desecrating the hallowed melancholy of The Fossil. And when one of them, bolder than his fellows, one day had the temerity to place a cannon fire-cracker directly beneath The Fossil's gaunt frame, his rashness was rewarded by the meek inquiry of the Professor, "Did anybody speak?"

So when Tommy Tenney went to see The Fossil, to please his uncle, who had been a college chum of the Professor in the long ago, his calls were not as pleasant as he could have wished. For Tommy was a student at the university from which The Fossil had resigned some ten years before, after his illness; and the fact that he was familiarly known within the classic walls of his Alma Mater as "Boozy," is all that is necessary to show that his way was the broad road that leads to—where? It mattered not, so long as the road was wide enough for him in his happiest moments.

Tommy carried on his conversation with The Fossil by writing what he had to say on paper, and receiving a verbal reply, accompanied by head shakes, sighs and sad platitudes from the mustache-veiled mouth of the learned professor;—which reminded him vaguely of the holy of holies.

There were only two things on which The Fossil could talk; electricity, on which he was an expert, and his misfortunes, on which he was a chronic growler. "Yes," he would say, "the world has lost its attractiveness for

me. I have nothing now left to live for; nothing, nothing. Each day is a long, tedious stretch in the desert of my life, in which an oasis never appears. I am like an incumbrance on the ground and yet I am not cut down. I am laughed at and jostled by the crowd in its mad rush for lucre, and there is no one to lift a staying hand. Oh, when will it end, when will it end! Good mothers and affectionate and sober fathers are cut off from a needy family, and yet I am spared! It is beyond my knowledge; I cannot understand it!"

One day after one of these outbreaks, which Tommy knew by heart and to which he had not been listening, he suddenly sat upright, gazed at The Fossil in a strange, wondering way, and a smile gradually appeared on his face. He continued his silent, amused stare for fully five minutes, and then said, "Say, old man, how's this for a scheme?"

The old man, of course, continued to look moodily in the fireplace, and Tommy, with a "Hang it! I forgot," took out his note-book and wrote:

"As I understand it, sound is the result of vibrations. Now, if by some means your ears, or the parts of them that are affected by sound, were continually subjected to enough vibrations to bring them up to the ordinary condition of a man's ears, couldn't you hear when these continued vibrations were augmented by the ordinary ones of sound? What I mean is this: Suppose an ordinary sound had, say 10,000 vibrations, or however you measure them. Now suppose to transmit that sound to *your* ears required 200,000 vibrations. Couldn't you have some means to *always* have imparted to your ears 190,000 vibrations, so that when the 10,000 come you'll get the 200,000 and hear all right? I don't know, but I've heard or read somewhere that electricity is vibrations. Now can't you with your knowledge of electricity get up some device that will produce these vibrations and bring the hearing efficiency of your ears up to the normal? Have some resistance coil or whatsoever you call it to

regulate the vibrations so that you can hear loud or soft, or not at all. Eh?"

Tommy handed this to The Fossil, and gazed expectancy at him while he read it. When he had finished, The Fossil gazed in turn at Tommy, and after a little while the faintest suspicion of a smile appeared at the corners of his mouth. Tommy smiled too, and after a brief period of mutual smiling and gazing, The Fossil, with the utmost deliberation, said, "Well, I'll be d——!" and arose without another word and went into his laboratory.

Tommy called three times within the next three weeks to see The Fossil, but each time Miss Maria informed him, in a way which made him think she considered him responsible for it, that the Professor was very busy at something in his work room, and would see no one. She delivered each word at him like a separate, clean cut lightning streak, and then looked at him, her head askew, in a way which clearly meant, "Now what have you got to say about it?" But Tommy said nothing about it, and went on his way rejoicing.

It was about four weeks after the Professor's profane exit, that Tommy was startled by the precipitous advent of Miss Maria into his room. "Oh, Mr. Tenney! go over quick!" she spluttered, "He's crazy—the Professor is; clean, gone crazy! He's shouting and hollering and yelling, and he's got his head all tied up with wires and bottles and brass, and—oh, my! Go quick! I'm sure he'll kill himself if he ain't dead now! Oh! oh! oh! such goings on I never——!"

Tommy rushed out before she had half finished, leaving her to recover as best she could, and when he reached The Fossil's house he found a half-scared, inquisitive crowd before it, attracted by the frantic cries emanating from within. About a dozen men were protesting individually that they would go in if any other five would go along. But before they had time to get ropes and gags and a temporary strait-jacket, Tommy bounded up the steps,

passed quickly inside, and locked the door after him.

When he flew into the laboratory he found The Fossil standing on a chair in the midst of a great burst of magniloquence. About his head was a tangled mass of wire, and on his bald crown, sidewise like a high hat, was a cell whose contents were spilling as his gestures increased.

He jumped hastily down, and running to Tommy, embraced him so violently that the greater part of the cell's contents found its way down Tommy's neck. "Hurrah! At last! Restored for good and all. Talk! I want to hear you talk. Oh, its sweet after ten long years. I've been talking to myself ever since it worked, but I can't talk enough. Speak! Say anything! Swear, pray, shout, sing—anything! Whoopla! Professor James T. Muggins redivevus! Exit The Fossil! Talk, man, talk! See the conquering hero—!"

He stopped suddenly and his face quickly became pale and solemn. "It stopped," he mentioned in awed whisper.

Tommy, released from the fond embraces, fell into a chair shaking with uncontrollable mirth. The Fossil, with misery depicted vividly on his face, again muttered in the same hoarse, hushed voice, "It stopped, stopped."

Tommy closed his eyes lest too much of the sight before him should cause him to explode, and tears trickled hotly down his cheeks; he rolled and pressed and held himself, first on this side then on that, to render himself as compact as possible. The Fossil continued to look at him sadly with a vogue, far-away look, muttering as solemnly as though he were feeling the last heart throbs of a dying friend, "It stopped, stopped."

"Of course it has," said Tommy as soon as he could control himself, "because you've poured all the liquid of the cell down my neck."

"I see you're talking but I can't hear,"

came the voice from the tomb, "because it's stopped, stopped."

Tommy was by this time more rational and going to a group of bottles, took one containing a blue liquid. The Fossil's eyes followed him indefinitely, and his lips mechanically framed the words "stopped, stopped."

The youth took the bottle, and, holding it high over The Fossil's head poured some of the liquid into the cell. Suddenly a light appeared in The Fossil's eyes. A smile of hope faintly appeared on his face, but it was nipped in the bud. Then another; and finally another, more permanent, which broadened and broadened until it seemed impossible for it to expand further. His eyes became brighter, his cheeks flushed, and suddenly, with a whoop, he began his wild shouting and dancing until, from sheer exhaustion, he dropped heavily into a chair.

"Now you talk, please do," he pleaded. "I haven't heard anybody but myself talk for ten long years. Oh, this is fine! Talk, why don't you? Well, it's good to hear you laugh anyhow."

Soon after, when the oddity of the Professor's appearance had ceased to affect Tommy's risibilities, that youth remarked, "Now then, sir I want to have complete supervision of your debut into the world. You want to be resurrected, of course?"

"Oh, yes, of course."

"Then inasmuch as I was the means of bringing about the present condition of affairs—"

"You don't think," interrupted the Professor in amazement, "that your scheme caused the—"

"Well, didn't it?"

"No! roared the Professor, "You idiot, of course it didn't."

"Thanks," said Tommy, with fine sarcasm, nettled by the Professor's laughter and ridicule, "But perhaps, you'll admit that I started you—quite a task considering your inertia—on the chase after sound—"

"There now, don't get huffed; you were—oh, yes, planning my resurrection. Well, continue to sound your trumpet. I'm all attention."

"I was going to remark," continued Tommy, "that the first thing necessary would be to reduce that electrical whatever-it-is to a minimum size. It looks like an infernal machine, and you look like an anarchist—*sans* the Paderewski hair."

"And I feel like one. Oh, I feel gay and frisky, and—like this." He executed a *pas seul* which would have made one of Kiralfy's Kickers blush through her rouge with envy.

"Then," continued Tommy, ignoring this frivolity, "you must get a wig and hide your hearing apparatus beneath it. Then we must pencil your eye-brows into some decent shape—they're a curve for hysteria now. Then we must enliven that mustache, and dress you *à la mode*."

"But my dignity as a Professor," pleaded the rejuvenated Fossil.

"I tell you, sir, you're no longer a Professor, —you're one of the boys, and two weeks from tonight I'll see that you're in condition for a soiree with Tuffy and Sport and Eddie and the Pope, and——."

Two weeks later, about three A.M., Tommy was steering a cumbersome object down College Row. The object reeled and rocked, and required a latitude not afforded by the narrow

confines of the sidewalk. Its hair was hanging down like a great amount of sail flopping to the leeward. As the navigation became more and more difficult, the object sent forth charges of oratory which sounded thick and foggy on the night air.

"Thish ish life—the fullnesh of life. Thish ish worth livin' for—'n dyin' for, too. Tommy, m' boy; I shay, Tommy, we won't tell 'bout thish inve'shun. Some poo' ol' deaf duff'r might ge' made t' hear again and wo'd'n wan' t' die. I don'. Never wan' t' die. Wan' t' live f'rever 'n ever." He paused a moment as though seeking some correction, and muttered, "Amen."

"Yesh, m' boy, thish is deli'fu', very deli'fu'. All fine fell's; put shpirit in a man. Thash right," as Tommy dropped him in a chair on his own porch, "now you push th' button 'n run like h——; Mariar'll do the resht. Good ev'n, Mariar. Don' shay a word. Importan' n' momentous epoch in hishty o' she worl'. Not a wor', I shay, or Mariar—lishinin' Mariar?—I shay, Mariar, shir, shay one wor' 'n I'll g'out 'n ge' drunk. Yeshir, I will. Bee' important epoch in hishtory."

But there was a vigorous slam of the door, and the only sounds on the night air were the shrill tones of a high C, feminine voice. Tommy smiled a smile of duty well done and turned homeward.

—The Senior Class at Princeton has decided to wear the cap and gown from the Easter recess until graduation.

—Byran, the English sprinter, has been engaged to coach the University of Pennsylvania track athletic team.

—Clarkson will begin to coach the candidates for the Yale nine on February 21 and remain in charge four weeks.

—The Senior Class at Amherst has voted not to wear the cap and gown at commencement.

—Yale's new base-ball cage is in part the gift of an undergraduate, who withholds his name for the present.

—Claverly Hall, at Harvard, has been closed on account of an outbreak of scarlet fever in the dormitory.



THE GOSSIP.

THE Gossip has been informed that the Faculty has recently refused to excuse students from the five-dollar fee, although some of them had doctors' certificates testifying that they had been sick during the first examination. What reason the Faculty has for this action, of course, nobody "outside" knows. It is said, though, that the "doctors' certificate system" has received such abuse at the hands of the students, that some sort of action was necessary and this form was chosen.

Of course the system has been abused. This was to be expected from the rigorous nature of the rule. But The Gossip thinks it is hardly just to make men pay five dollars when they cannot afford it, and when an allwise Providence decreed that they should be too sick to attend the first examinations. One cannot help flunking occasionally any more than he can help stumbling occasionally. And after a man has flunked one examination and is sick during the second, it is an odd sort of justice which makes him pay a V for the third. This V is given to some student who isn't any worse off, financially, than the one who paid it, and this is simply robbing Peter to pay Paul.

But there's no use wasting ink over this; it doesn't do any good. The Gossip thinks, however, that those who have made it a practice to buy certificates simply to get themselves out of a hole which their own laziness got them into, should desist, as others whose cases are as true as they present them, simply suffer for it; and this is not right.

The Gossip has been told that the space under the tiers of seats in the large English room is taken up at present by the billiard tables that were once upon a time in the Gymnasium. The Gossip thinks it would be a good sort of a scheme to get them out, if they are there, and set them up in Christmas Hall for the use of students.

This would be of incalculable benefit to the undergraduate. No more would he pay out appalling sums from having been bitten by the sharks that infest the billiard rooms in the towns. No more would he hang up his sweater, his watch, his lamp and anything else that would bring the wherewithal at Levy's. No more would he sell for sixty-three cents the book which but the week before he bought for three dollars and a quarter at the same place.

Then would come the halcyon days when subscriptions would be paid, class treasuries would overflow and the V of a "ve" we would slap down with the sangfroid of a multi millionaire's *blasé* offspring.

Then the Lehigh Alumnus, having become an adept at wielding the cue, and having attended, with pious regularity, the talks for men only, by the converted gamblers in a church over town, and having become expert in the legerdmain of draw poker, need not, though pains prevail, and jobs are as scarce as library attendants when you want a book,—need not fear for the future. All will be well with him.

FROM "CAP AND GOWN."

REALIZING that a "good thing" in verse, even though a trifle old, never loses its charm, we have clipped the following from *Cap and Gown*, a volume of college verse edited by Joseph La Roy Harrison and published by The Joseph Knight Co., Boston.

"IN LIGHTER VEIN."

In lighter vein—blue eyes and rosy lips,
Gay songs and dances, jests and merry quips;
No thought of the great mysteries of Pain
And Life and Death, but just a clear refrain,
That in 'twixt thoughts of love and laughter slips,
Light as the foam that from the oar-blade drips—
Such is the measure of our careless strain,
In lighter vein.

Safe into port come all our wandering ships,
From those dim lands o'er which the horizon dips:
Our Fancy's castles prove not all in Spain;
Oh, life is fair and every path is plain,
If we but woo the muse who ever trips
In lighter vein.

—Elizabeth Kemper Adams, in *Vassar Miscellany*.

AFTER THE PLAY.

Mid the tawdry purple and tinsel bright,
With a mimic crowd bowing low at his feet,
In crown and sceptre of guilt bedight,
And a poor robe falling in fold and pleat,
He stalks on the stage and takes a seat.
Ah, well, let him prosper while he may:
The curtain's soon down, for the hours are fleet,
And the king's but a beggar after the play.

In his borrowed plumage, poor, shallow cheat,
He struts the stage with a strange conceit;
But let him prosper while he he may,
The king's a beggar after the play.

—Burton Egbert Stevenson, in *Nassau Lit.*

LEFT.

"Meet me," she said, "by the orchard wall
To-morrow night, as the sun goes down;"
And this is to-morrow, and here am I,
And there's the wall, and the sun's gone down.

—H. G. Chapman, in *Harvard Lampoon*.

LIFE'S GREETING.

At my good inn, The World, you may have rest
One night, fair sir. Eat, drink, be merry;
Then up at dawn, for at his ferry
Death waits, and for thy room another guest.

—Arthur Leslie Green, in *Trinity Tablet*

THAT'S ABOUT THE SIZE OF IT.

WHEN a dominie cusses the devil,
Exposes his malice quite well;
Tears down his abode to a level,—
Would you say he was razing h—l?

AT EVENING.

ALL heavy hangs the evening sky
Above the moorland, stretching drear;
The laggard cranes flap slowly by;
The weary, moaning wind I hear.
But nature in her loveliness
Appeals this once to me in vain;
Despite the gathering night distress,
Still happy doth my heart remain.

For 'mid the shadows, haloed round,
I glimpse a picture, dim and sweet,
Of Summer meadows, streamlet bound,
With near a cozy, green retreat.
And o'er the fields the daisies wave,
Swayed gently by the noon-day breeze;
The dainty brook its banks doth lave,
The sunlight flickers through the trees.

And once again gleams out for me
The gem set in that sylvan scene.
The beauty of her face I see
And all her loveliness of mien.
So, glad am I while thus tonight
I watch the weary day depart;
For through the gloom once more I sight
The long lost idol of my heart

CLIPPINGS.

SONNET.

Calmly, serenely gleam the stars to night
Over the swaying city's sin-tossed streets;
Above, the eye enraptured gently greets
The lands of peace and love and dazzling light,
And life seems grand and pure and infinite;
And here below man's heart earth-fettered, beats
Unsleeping through these star-lit hours, and meets
But sin and woe and shame the darken'd sight!

Yet, in those silent worlds may there not be
Souls that can look upon our distant star;
See not our world-worn hearts? upon whose sight
Seen through the golden, dim immensity
Our earthly planet casts its rays afar,
One pure and shining spark of diamond light?

—Yale Lit.

Then up rose pretty Mary,
 And these words did she speak :
 " I'd like a moustache on my mouth,
 And whiskers on my cheek !

Nay, mother, do not throw at me,
 That gaze of wild despair ;
 I'd like them—be it understood,
 But not when growing there." —*Ex.*

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Engraved on his cuffs
 Were the Furies and Fates,
 And a delicate map of the Dorian states;
 And they found in his palms, which were hollow,
 What is frequent in palms—that is, dates.—*Ex.*

HIS LAST SEASON.

High up in the closet he tearfully hangs them,
 Those old canvas garments bespattered with mud,
 From fields upon which he has tussled, fought, scrim-
 maged.

And covered himself with glory and blood.

He seemed to see tears in the eyes of the jacket,
 To hear his shoes hang out their tongues and ex-
 claim,

" 'Tis hard, yes, 'tis fearfully hard to believe it,
 That you, you poor senior, have played your last
 game.

" Next year you will live upon starvation wages,
 In a boarding house, say, in some dingy old town,
 Far off from the rush and the noise of the scrimmage,
 The referee's whistle, the loud cries of 'down.' "

Then sadly, ah sadly, he leaves them in darkness,
 And carefully straightens his disjointed nose,
 And he winks his swelled eye and longingly gazes
 O'er the field that's now covered with winter's chill
 snows. —*Ex.*

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